



Spirit Echoes

By

Mattie E. Hull



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Sincerely Yours,
Mattie E. Hull.

SPIRIT ECHOES.

—BY—

MATTIE E. HULL,

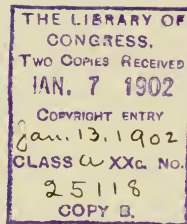
*Author of "Wayside Jottings" and "Spiritual
Songster."*

None but an author, knows an author's cares,
Nor Fancy's fondness for the child she bears.

—Cowper.

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MATTIE E. HULL.

TO MY ARISEN TEACHERS, WHOSE WISDOM AND COUNSELS
HAVE DONE SO MUCH FOR ME, AND TO MY BELOVED
ASSOCIATES IN THE SCHOOL OF LIFE, WHOSE
LOVE AND ENCOURAGEMENT HAVE
HELPED TO MAKE ME WHAT I
AM, THIS VOLUME IS AF-
FECTIONATELY DED-
ICATED.

PREFACE.

When my former book, *Wayside Jottings*, was published, I had no thought that another volume would find its way to the press. Probably nothing has been more instrumental in inspiring me to present *Spirit Echoes* to the world, than the general favor with which *Wayside Jottings* was received, and the repeated request by those who take a kindly interest in my work, that other of my writings should be published.

The poems contained in this volume, have, with few exceptions, been written within two years. The extempore lines have found a place herein, by the request of those who gave subjects on which the lines were given. The chief merit of the poem called "*Christmas-Tide*," is in the fact that it was a test poem to the one who gave the subject. The circumstances under which it was given, and the incidents connected with the person who gave the subject are presented in an explanatory note at the heading of the poem.

The prose paragraphs were jotted down when-

PREFACE.

v

ever and wherever the inspiration came to write; sometimes on the railroad trains, in the home attending to household duties, at others when on solitary rambles, and not unfrequently during the night.

I have written more since the publication of *Wayside Jottings*, than at any period of my life, but my work has been principally in the line of essays, on subjects which would be out of place in a volume of this kind.

I trust I may not be deemed egotistical when I make the statement, I feel I am doing the best work of my life at present and that better things are before me. I do not take all the credit to myself, my friends have been a great help to me, and my loyal companion has added more than I can tell to my wealth of inspiration; my invisible teachers and counsellors have always been ready to respond when I have made it possible for them to do so.

Spirit Echoes goes to the world with the soul-appreciation for all that has come to brighten and make better the life of its author. If it has a corresponding effect upon its readers, the prayer of the author will have been answered.

MATTIE E. HULL.

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
FROM SOUL TO SOUL - - - - -	9
INVOCATION - - - - -	13
THE WEB OF LIFE. - - - - -	14
MY CREED - - - - -	16
HAVE HOPE - - - - -	18
THE ALL IN ONE - - - - -	20
A BETTER WAY - - - - -	21
THE MIDNIGHT HOUR - - - - -	22
TO THE ABSENT - - - - -	24
I CANNOT TELL - - - - -	27
PRAYER IS THE SOUL'S SINCERE DESIRE - -	28
ONLY A WOMAN - - - - -	30
CORONADO - - - - -	33
THE CONQUERED - - - - -	36
THOMAS PAINE - - - - -	39
MAY - - - - -	41
THE SOUL'S SCULPTOR - - - - -	43
MY INNER ROOM - - - - -	45
THINGS BEYOND OUR SENSES - - - - -	47
THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE - - - - -	49
THE WONDERFUL SILENCE - - - - -	52
THE TWO SINGERS - - - - -	54
GUIDE ME ARIGHT - - - - -	56
JUST YOU AND I - - - - -	58
GREAT SPIRIT OF ETERNAL TRUTH - - -	60

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
I CANNOT TELL - - - - -	61
A REVERIE - - - - -	62
AN IMPROMPTU ON THE RECEPTION OF A BOUQUET	64
WHAT OF THE NIGHT? - - - - -	66
THE CHANGE - - - - -	70
THE PRICE OF VIRTUE - - - - -	72
PARADOXES - - - - -	73
THE HUMAN HEART - - - - -	75
THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE - - - - -	76
SOME THINGS THAT HAVE NO END - - - - -	81
FALSE PROPHECIES - - - - -	82
OUR VICTORIES - - - - -	85
'TIS NO NEW TALE - - - - -	86
WHY - - - - -	90
MINISTRY - - - - -	92
GO FORTH MY SOUL - - - - -	94
HEART TO HEART - - - - -	96
INCOMPLETENESS - - - - -	98
THE LOST VOICE - - - - -	99
UNAPPRECIATED BLESSINGS - - - - -	100
MY PRAYER - - - - -	102
CRUEL WORDS - - - - -	104
SIMILES - - - - -	105
ANSWERS - - - - -	106
REACHING FOR SUNBEAMS - - - - -	108
RETROSPECTION - - - - -	110
LOST IN THE AIR - - - - -	111
THE ANNIVERSARY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM -	112
UNDISCOVERED TRUTHS - - - - -	115
A PICTURE - - - - -	117
THE YOUNG AND THE OLD - - - - -	118
TO THE EVANGELS OF TRUTH - - - - -	120

FROM SOUL TO SOUL.



My friend, I cannot ope the door so wide
That even thou canst step within the room
Where I hold close the treasures I have found
In the short journey of life's changing years.
Treasures? ah, yes, worthless to all but me;
I gathered them beneath the shade and sun,
Low in the vale, and on the mountain-side;
By purling stream, and ocean's wave-washed
sands;

In swamps of darkness and in fields most fair.

Sometimes I gather up my wealth in tears —
Tears that seemed wrung from fountains of the
soul;

Tears that so blinded in those weary days,
I could not tell the gems from trifling stones.
And in this room, sacred to self alone,
Are cherished tablets, bearing many a mark,
And blot and blemish of misguided will;
Others that glisten with the radiant smiles

That tender words and kindly deeds have
wrought;

And there are fabrics that festoon the walls,
Making some places bright and wond'rous fair,
Woven with golden threads that love has spun.
And hanging on the walls of this, my room,
Are pictures such as artists never paint;
I cannot always see these pictures rare;
They hang so high above the shades of earth,
That when I seek to view, I needs must climb
Unto a higher consciousness of things.

And echoing through the arch-way of my room,
Are rare, sweet songs that none but I can hear;
Their music never has been trilled by voice,
The words have ne'er been lisped by mortal
tongue;

Soft as the breeze that sings the flowers to sleep,
Or lifts the tendrils from the lattice bar,
So softly falls this spirit melody
Into my soul of souls.

It quells the harshness of my lower self;
Fills up Life's measure with a sweet content,
And all the bitterness, and hate, and wrong
That I had nursed in hours of selfish pride,
The music drowns beneath the songs of love.
I do not find within my narrow range
Aught but I gather by unvarying law;

All souls may find within their inner state
Loveliest flowers, and groves of fruited bloom,
They read the symbols such as *Souls* may write
And learn that love will crown all beautiful.
No soul can hold monopoly of wealth,
For each will gather from its plane in life
The wheat and tares, from sowing all its own.

Do not expect, O, Pilgrim on the way,
That other souls can treasure wealth for thee;
Nor that another hand, though deft and skilled
Can hang thine inner life with pictures rare.
Do not lament because the din of earth
Yields naught but harshness to the finer sense;
There is a soul within thee, waiting now
To ope the door, when thou shalt will it so;
And then, when once across the threshold line,
Heaven's messengers shall whisper holy things;
Quickened, awakened, then thy thought will be
Set to the music of diviner spheres.

And beloved Pilgrim, shrink not when the
 storm
Hangs in its fury all about thy path;
Storms are of earth and e'er must pass away;
The loveliest paths must lead 'neath shade and
 sun;

Daylight and a darkness, nurse the bud to
bloom;

The cruel rains may beat the star-eyed flowers
And yet they nourish all the dainty roots;
And never is their fragrance half so sweet
As when the crystal drops like jewels hang
Upon their drooping leaves.

O, weary, waiting Pilgrim on the way;
To thee I dedicate my humble song.
I fain would waken in my inmost soul
A longing hunger for the "Bread of Life."
I fain would make thee feel there is a world
Around, within thee, only waiting time,
When thou, with trusting faith may ope the
door
That leads unto the inner, sacred room,
Where thou with thine own soul may ever be
Companioned through all time.

INVOCATION.

—o—

O, Angels, come to us this hour;
Come to us now and freely give
The precious truths we would receive,
For in your words we do believe,
Dear Angels Friends, O come, O come.

O, Angels, come to us this hour;
Waiting we long to meet you here
For comfort sweet, and words of cheer,
We long to feel your presence near;
Dear Angel Friends, O come, O come.

Dear Angels, come to us this hour;
Your loving help we now implore,
Be with us till earth toils are o'er
Then lead us to the beauteous shore,
Dear Angel Friends, O come, O come.

THE WEB OF LIFE.



Weaving and weaving day after day,
Threading the shuttle the same old way;
Pushing the treadles with weary feet,
Wondering oft if the lines will meet;
As I study the pattern the Master hangs
To be faithfully copied by these weak hands.

Weaving oft with an aching brain,
Counting the threads with throbs of pain;
Weaving sometimes what Hope has spun
And colors brighten as I weave on;
But the threads grow weak — soon the colors
pale
And I know when tested the threads will fail.

Weaving sometimes Love's threads of gold;
What beautiful patterns these fancies hold.
In the glow of my pride a thread will break,
Though shining the web, the mesh is weak

The warp and woof spread wide apart
I re-thread my shuttle with heavy heart.

Weary of weaving what Pleasure spins,
Striving to strengthen the web so thin;
Weary of watching for threads that hold —
Threads that will strengthen the sombre fold
But I ply the loom with firmer tread
As I fill the shuttle with Duty's thread.

Weaving still weaving the same old way,
But the web grows stronger every day;
The warp and woof are of homely hue,
Yet at times they brighten and glisten so,
That I sing with joy o'er my daily task
For Love is with me in Duty's mask.

Weaving and weaving, O, wonderful loom!
Sleeping or waking the work goes on;
Inward and outward the shuttle flies,
Much of the work was at first disguised;
The lovely pattern I did not see
Till one more wise had shown it to me.

MY CREED.

—o—

I do not ask how one doth pray,
Whether in church on bended knee,
Or in his room at close of day,
He calls his angels silently.

I care not what may be his creed,
Who lives to do the best he can,
And strives by every thought and deed
To elevate his brother man.

I ask not what one may have been,
If now he reaches for the light—
Striving to overcome his sin,
And prays henceforth to walk aright.

I would not nurse a bitter hate
'Gainst any church, its cant or prayer,
If some poor hungry soul is fed
That could not find his food elsewhere.

I would not ask his faith in God,
Who leaves at the poor widow's door
In winter time, fuel or food,
Or money, from his generous store.

Humanity is better far
Than any church, on whate'er plan,
And he is a true worshipper
Of God, who serves his fellow man.



There is a kind of namby-pamby goodness that passes for virtue; and those who possess it are spoken of as never having had an enemy in the world. Some people never have an opportunity of becoming absolutely bad. They are never strongly tempted; have no passions to overcome and no particular weakness to outgrow. Such, are negatively good. The truly virtuous are those who have resisted temptations, and the morally strong are those who have been able to raise from bad environments into the atmosphere of a pure, sweet life. It is no sign of greatness or of goodness on the part of a man, that no ill word has ever been used against him. It is positive goodness that helps the down-trodden, and builds up a better humanity.

HAVE HOPE.



Be faithful, O, my Soul, to every duty;
Faint not nor falter on the uphill way;
A morn must follow every night-time truly,
And after morn must come the open day.

Pause not to nurse the palm that has been
wounded
By piercing thorns, to eye-sight ne'er disclosed;
But look upon the cruel stalk more closely
And thou mayst find the budding of a rose.

Nay, weary spirit, do not feel thy angels
Will e'er forsake in hours of deepest gloom;
Perchance that heaven may send more wise
evangels,
And bid thine back, to give the greater room.

Do not nurse dreams that shroud the day with
sorrow,
Unfitting all the hours for joy and love;

For who can tell but the unborn to-morrow
May bring a light all shadows to remove.

Have hope 'mid all things, whatsoe'er assail thee;
Be strong in faith that all will end in right;
Then in no hour shall all thy courage fail thee,
And every cloud will bear some tinge of light.



One whisper from the unseen shore, or one touch of a spirit hand, coming directly to us while closeted with our thoughts, brings more satisfaction than scores of manifestations from any cabinet possibly could, even under the most strict test conditions.



Many of us have felt at times an inspiration that stirs the depths within us—we are convinced of spirit communion, and the spirit world becomes a reality; but who among the most thoroughly convinced can impart the knowledge to another? Admitting the phenomena, and the genuineness of mediums, there is always an unknown side which even the medium and the most earnest Spiritualist does not understand.

THE ALL IN ONE.



I do not ask for special grace,
I strive to feel all souls are kindred here;
And he who has not grasped this truth divine,
Is not yet large enough to "lead in prayer."
One is for all; and all for each should pray
"Lead us, and guide us, on the upward way."

All hearts are bound by ties of human blood;
And soul responds to soul the best it can;
This great, wide world holds but one brotherhood,
God-service rendered, is but love to man.
And he who seeks to bear this message forth
Helps to build up a paradise on earth.

As the low shrub and large majestic oak
Grow side by side, each nursed by Nature's
plan,
So human souls were into being spoke,
Bearing the impress of progressive man.
No line, man in his selfishness would draw,
Puts in this union broken link or flaw.

A BETTER WAY.

—o—

"And yet show I unto you a more excellent way."

1 Cor. xii. 31.

—
Better be wronged an hundred times
Than to inflict one needless pain
Upon a soul; a heart we break
We cannot heal again.

Better be honest with the world
And toil each day for humble fare,
Than in proud luxury to roll
And cringe one hour in craven fear.

Better be humble than to wear
An honor bought by glittering gold;
True virtue need no symbol bear;
Goodness can ne'er be bought or sold.

Better be true and stand alone
Than with the host 'mid loud applause;
Truth hath a way to bless her own —
To free the soul that loves her cause.

THE MIDNIGHT HOUR.

—o—

O, the strangeness of a midnight hour!
So silent, yet with life so filled;
When to the spirit there comes a power
Which inner mysteries can reveal.
Sometimes it seems we have crossed the line
Which lies 'twixt this and that beauteous land,
Where eyes we have known upon us shine
And palms so familiar touch our own.

The midnight hour! Tender thoughts expressed
Though no lip move, and no tongue is stirred;
Then the saddest hour is richly blest,
There comes a joy in each spoken word —
Words such as never a mortal ear
Can understand, or in listening reach,
For language born in the spirit sphere
Can never be framed into mortal speech.

The midnight hour! The external world
The subtle presence can never know

Of the loved, who cause our hearts to thrill
 With memories sweet of long ago.
The hour when passion and strife can rest
 The soul can revel 'mid better things;
And O, how often the dreamer's breast
 Is touched with peace that some angel brings.

Thrice blessed the one who knows at morn
 The visions that came in dreams of night;
When the veil of heaven was withdrawn
 And the dreamer saw with clearer sight.
The world is not always dark and cold
 If in our dreams we can sometimes reach
The other world and are given to hold
 The key that interprets spirit speech.

TO THE ABSENT.

—o—

Written to my companion while he was on his first visit to California.

So far and yet so near;
My spirit goes and touches thee my love
This midnight hour, with sweet and tender
thought.

Not only would I give thee dreams of home,
But I would make thee feel the soulful prayer
That goeth forth each morn and night for thee.
Thy feet press daily, pleasant, flowery paths;
Bright skies bend o'er thee; canst thou not for-
get

E'en for a time, this world has ever been
So cruel, harsh and cold?

Thy life must take an added glory on;
Where nature lavishes so much of wealth
On earth, in air and sun.
I reach, through silent forces of the soul

The things thou lovest well in that strange land;
I seem to know the flowers that welcome thee
Upon the roadside in thy daily walk;
I whisper in the morning's gentle wind
And blend my songs with murmurings of the sea;
When wearied with the burdens of the day,
I strive to medicine thy o'er-taxed soul,
And as of erst, to press thy eyelids down
With gentle touch; then with a dear old song
To lull thy spirit to the land of dreams.

I cannot tell how long and strange the days
That silently have woven into months;
Nor, dear, how close the shadows sometimes fall
While I am striving up the heights to climb.
But never are the clouds so dark and grim
That all the light is hidden from my view.
Hope's bright-hued rainbow spans the clouded
 sky,
And sometimes gilded are the mountain-tops
That rise before me.
So I still struggle to ascend the steeps,
And courage take from every gleam of light,
And follow Duty's way.

 So far and yet so near;
Mountains may rise and rivers flow between,
Spirit defies them all and seeks its own.

Thus will it be, when the Pale Messenger
Shall part the stream — bear one of us away;
But Love, as deathless as its giver — God,
Shall rise triumphantly above the grave —
Pierce the thin veil that hangs between the worlds,
And know and claim its own.



There are more pilgrims ascending the Spiritual Highlands than we can have any possible way of knowing. How frequently we hear some one say, "I have had," or "I am having, experiences that prove beyond a doubt, a continuous life after the change called death, and the realities of spirit communion, but I am not a Spiritualist." Many of this class are in the orthodox churches and believe in some unexplained way, that they are blessed as many are not, by "special Providence," or "heavenly interventions." Sooner or later, the scales will fall from the eyes of these would-be Christians; the angel will appear to them with her true name—Spiritualism—and she will give unquestionable evidence that she is the "Way and the Light."

I CANNOT TELL.



I cannot tell how in the voiceless silence
 My songs are born;
I only know they fall in sweetest cadence
 And cheer me on.

I may not see the forms of my dear teachers
 Who often guide;
I reach my hand out in the darkened silence—
 They're by my side.

I cannot tell while waiting in the silence
 How two souls meet;
I only feel life's strange and mystic circle
 Is more complete.

“PRAYER IS THE SOUL’S SINCERE DESIRE,
UTTERED OR UNEXPRESSED.”

(Impromptu.)

—o—

I wish I might breathe a prayer to-night
That would stir the deeps in some lonely soul,
Till it bursts the shadows and found the light
That falls from the realm, All Beautiful.

A prayer that might fall in rythm sweet
Upon the heart, till each quivering string
Would vibrate gently at love’s soft beat
And know heaven sent an answering.

I wish, if angels have harps of gold,
I might touch one with magic hand;
And waft such music throughout the world
As sorrowing ones could understand.

But the angels’ harps are hung so high
My poor weak hands can never reach;

And the words of their rare minstrelsy
I can not frame in mortal speech.

I can only echo the spirit's song
In simple lays that may heal and bind
The hearts that are hurt, as I pass along,
And teach my own to be true and kind.



The real musician does not derive his happiness from the plaudits rendered him by the lovers of his composition or song. His happiness is born of the soul and he revels in the melodies of his soul-world. The real poet does not write to please others; he writes for the same reason that the rills flow and the birds sing; he cannot help it. The world may lay laurels at his feet and crown him with worldly honors; all these are nothing to him in comparison to the beautiful imageries that people his brain and soul.

ONLY A WOMAN.

—o—

The following was written in response to a remark that woman should not, in any public manner, take part in reform. "Her sphere is the home; in that she has been ordained Queen."

—

Yes, only a woman! and it may seem to you
With the problems of life she has nothing to do—
That all should be left to her brother;
But her soul has been stirred by her sister's sad
prayer,
Her heart has been wrung by her cries of despair,
She has asked for relief, yet it cometh not near,
Though we're told to help one another.

Yes, only a woman! Yet the mother of man,
And how great is her work in Nature's domain —
In the wonderful realms of creation!
Has she nothing to do? Has she nothing at
stake?
For the work of reform on man must she wait,

Woman — the mother of all who are great
And have crowned with glory the Nation?

Please tell me, my friend, who mapped out
“Woman’s sphere,”

Whose voice first commanded her hither, or there?

And when was the mandate thus given?

Know you not woman’s love is as deep as the
sea —

That it striveth for good where’er evil may be?

That it seeketh to bless, and to cleanse from sin
free

And to transform earth-hells into heaven?

Yes, only a woman! Yet beholding the wrong
That sits in high places of state, jeweled-crowned,
With injustice all law defying;

Well she knows that the hand of the tyrant is
raised,

Over hundreds now toiling as serfs and as slaves
While the ensign of liberty over us waves,

And for freedom each day they are crying.

Yes, only a woman! But she sees the strong hand
Reach forth the red wine-cup with hell’s fiery
brand,

And she knows that love and devotion
Have labored and struggled, and pleaded in vain,

While closer and closer the strongest of chains
Is fettering, body, spirit and brain,
All hastening to infamy's ocean.

Yes, only a woman! Yet with voice and with pen
She can labor for woman, the mother of men,
And teach her the law of soul being;
Till, perchance in the distance the day-dawn may
come
When the higher inheritance falls to the son,
And through reason and nature, the battle be
won,
And souls go forth clearer seeing.

Yes, only a woman! With two hands and a
brain,
Just the same as her brother on this earthly
plane,
To work that this world may be righted.
To make sweet the home, keep it sacred and
clean
That man may be King where woman is Queen,
To help make an Eden for incoming man
And to see that dark places are lighted.

CORONADO.



The Island of Coronado, off from San Diego, Cal., is perhaps one of the most beautiful places on earth. Hotel Coronado was at that time the finest and largest resort hotel in the world. The climate of Coronado cannot be excelled, the mercury in winter only falling eight degrees below its summer position. Art and Nature have combined to make this spot a Paradise. The writer spent one day in the court of the hotel, and on the beautiful walks of the Island and in the Museum. On the evening of the same day the following was written:



I wandered among the rose and palm,
 'Neath the feathery shade of the pepper tree;
Where the marguerites and lillies smiled
 And the blue-eyed violets talked to me.
It seemed I sensed an air from the north
 As I stood by a Yankee hardy pine;
But its neighbor whispered: "I'm from the south,
 I was born in the sands of the tropic clime."

One little flower beside the walk
 Brought me a dream of New England hills;
By its side the proud Ponzetta talked
 And said, "I have come from afar Brazil."

Lemon and camphor tree, side by side,

While their odors unto the winds were given,
And a lowly shrub said modestly:

“They have christened me a ‘Breath from
Heaven.’ ”

Lattice and arbor, and mound and wall

Were freighted with beauty and perfume rare,
Until it seemed that at Nature’s call

The whole world had sent their offerings there.

On from the gardens past lovely homes

Where fair maidens sang and children played,
Till I reached the spot where the surf and foam

In snowy billows on white sands were laid.
Like one enchanted on the white-washed shore

I stood, as old ocean’s waves were tossed;
Her silvery spray encircled me o’er

Then scattered like jewels along the coast.

I thought, O, wonderful waves that rise!

Till your waters are tossed near mountain high;
While in the distance your old face smiles

In calmness, while kissed by the bending sky,
How much like man’s life do your currents flow

Tossing and striving high points to reach,

While beyond this tumult, the waters blue
Roll on in billows that break on the beach.

I lingered till hours of the day were told
And Sol in his parting had kissed the tide;
And left in his train a bridge of gold
That reached from the shore to the other side.
Till the moon caressed the trembling flowers,
And the chorus of night-birds came to sing;
And wonderful silence touched the bowers,
As though they were brooded by sheltering
wings.

O, precious day! For my restless soul
Had communed in truth, with the great Heart-
God;
Through language of flowers and ocean's roll
I had faced the soul of Eternal Good.
The seasons will come and pass away,
Shaded and sunned by life's tear-drops and
smiles,
It ever will seem I walked one day
With the Angels of God on Enchanted Isle.

THE CONQUERED.

—o—

Poet and bard have done homage to these among us, who have succeeded in winning the plaudits of the world, when they have passed out of this world, the graves of the illustrious so-called dead have been covered with flowers — tender hands have garlanded their monuments with laurel wreaths, but how few among the gifted have been inspired to sing a song for the Conquered, or to place a bit of evergreen upon the mound covering the dust of the one who was unsuccessful and went down in the struggle. But:

—

I would sing a song for the conquered,
Who struggled, and struggled again;
Till the soul burst out of its bondage,
And left its spirit of pain.
For those who are left in the valleys
To bear their burdens along;
Who know not their angels 'mid darkness
Keep watch, and care for their own.

I would sing a song for the conquered
They failed — each failure may prove
A prophecy full of good promise
To be met in the world above.

The one who succeeds in the conflict
Aided by armies, may be
Less strong than the one who strives singly
And falls alone, in the fray.

Then a garland and song for the conquered
Who have fallen to rise again;
Every tear shall turn to a jewel
That has fallen from eyes of pain.
And the spirit that struggles forward
Though slow its advance may be,
Shall behold from some gilded summit
The star of its destiny.

A healthy, physical body, with a well balanced mentality and a harmonious spiritual adjustment, afford the best conditions for any and every phase of Spiritualistic mediumship. No matter how beautiful a watch may be mounted, if its delicate machinery is out of order—if there is not perfect adjustment of the most delicate wheels, it is impossible to mark the correct time through its hands on the dial. A musical instrument may be incased in the costliest material, magnificently carved, if one string is broken, or one reed is crippled, the skillful performer would consider the instrument unfit for use and cause it to be laid by for repairs. We are spirits here and now, using these bodies. If eye, ear or limb is defective, we cannot use to good advantage our own bodies in which we have lived all these years; what reason have we to suppose some other spirit may operate upon them with good results? All inspiration partakes of the characteristics of the organism through which it flows. If we strive to make the most of ourselves in every department of our being, we shall find the manifestations of the spirit are correspondingly improved.

THOMAS PAINE.

—o—

Poets have written and bards have sung
Of illustrious men whom the world calls dead;
Granite and marble their columns rear
Over their ashes, flowers strew their bed;
With reverent lips the world speaks the name
Of those who were known to this world's fame.

Prophet and priest, and sage and seer
Have worn the laurels earth has given;
Homage and love have strewn their bier
With flowers as sweet as the breath of heaven.
But how few have e'er sung in grateful strain
Of the heroic deeds of Thomas Paine.

O, Thomas Paine! When the black smoke of war
Was rising in clouds over battles grim,
When striking for justice, our fathers saw
No light in the future so grey and grim;
Thy genius rose like a star in the night,
And guided them onward to freedom's light.

Thy words lit by magic the patriot fires,
Put strength in the soul where hope had grown
dim,
Inspired with thy prophecies, loyal sires
Had faith when they sang their battle hymn.
Thy pen did more for our nation's crown
Than the glittering sword of a Washington.

Wherever the chains of slavery held
A people cursed by a priest or a throne,
There, and there only, his chosen field,
There was his country and there was his home.
Denounced by the priests he firmly stood,
His only religion was to do good.

The "Age of Reason" has reached us at last,
And man may think as it seemeth good;
He lives by the teachings of "Common Sense,"
When "The Rights of Man" are understood.
"The Crisis" is coming, its signs are here,
The cowards are quaking with doubt and fear.

How many demons of the past
Are the saints today that we adore;
Scorned and maligned unto the last,
The world now repeats their praises o'er,
And among the honored we praise the name
Of the Author-Hero, Thomas Paine.

MAY.

—o—

"Of all the months that brings its wealth to earth,
There's none like May, sweet May."

O, lovely May! Thy magic fingers touch
The skies with wondrous beauty, and thy breath
Nestles like lover's kisses 'mid the flowers;
A sweetness lingers on the passing air;
How diligently thy fairies are at work
With noiseless loom, weaving the fabrics rare,
Whereby the trees, and shrubs, and dear old earth,
May each be clothed in fitting garments bright
To give a royal welcome to their Queen,
June, beauteous June.

How noiselessly the marvelous work goes on,
No jealousy or envy anywhere
In thy vast realm; no strife and no complaint
Where thy command has gone. The sturdy oak
Throws out its long, majestic sheltering arm;
The tiny vine that has not strength to stand
And face the wind, clings closer day by day.

The softly tinted flowers in garden-beds,
Nod in the sunbeams, while the violet sweet
Half hidden in the grass in some by-place,
Droops low its head and says: "I am content."
The dandelions—yellow jewels shine
From the soft covering Mother Nature folds
About her breast more closely every day.
And glorious May! While all this work goes on,
Thy orchestra sends forth its soulful strains
And fills all places with harmonious sounds.
No discords, rivalry, or critic's tongue,
Jars the full harmony in this great realm,
For all are happy in the work and place,
Nature has them assigned.

THE SOUL'S SCULPTOR.



Be still O, Soul, beneath the artist's hand;
You do not know as yet, his full design,
You do not see for what the sculptor planned,
The faithful workman chisels to the line,
Be patient, Soul.

Wait, wait O, Soul; the artist cannot haste;
The pattern by some Master may be given;
And in the work allow no cruel waste
While burnishing to make the surface even;
Be patient, Soul.

Do not complain, though blow on blow must fall
From hammer that now seems so hard to bear;
Each time it strikes, some coarse rough line is
gone;
The symmetry comes distinct and clear,
Endure, O, Soul.

Be brave, O, Soul; what though some tear-drops
start?

The sculptor watches, and he counts each one;
You do not know the strange, mysterious art
By which he makes them brighten as the sun
And crowns you Soul.



The more we learn, the more we find there is that we do not know. In art, science, and spiritual unfoldment there seems to be no limit. To-day we may think we carve our grandest ideal, or express our loftiest sentiment; to-morrow we may be able to transcend all we have done to-day. We may think we spanned a large circle in the thought-world in our last effort, but if we will it so, it will widen as the days go by. Spiritualism teaches that we cannot aspire beyond our possible attainments; if this is so, we ought never to become discouraged in our efforts. Our continuous longing to do more, and to be more, should of themselves be incentives for higher resolve and earnest endeavor. If our ideal seems always beyond us, we may with constant striving, be enabled to reach to-morrow, the ideal of to-day.

MY INNER ROOM.



Unto myself I turn and find
An inner room; 'tis peopled there
With forms that never can take shape
Or dwell within the outer air.
They meet my soul as face to face,
And read my every thought of wrong;
They sense my bitterness and hate
And chide me e'er with silent tongue.

Like faithful sentinels they stand,
To bar out each unholy guest;
They fail sometimes for ugly arms
Through the half-open door are pressed.
And when I turn to meet the eyes
Of those untouched by mortal dust
They speak rebukes; I love them still
For well I know their chidings just.

My inner room! Upon its walls,
Are hung the purest, softest folds

With colorings that must come down
From heaven's skies when touched with gold.
But there are times when I am blind
And naught but discontent I see;
Then the pure beings are withdrawn —
A veil falls down 'twixt them and me.

My Inner Room! Its door is swung
To none but me, I enter there;
I leave my offerings alone,
My tears, resolves, my secret prayer.
I do not see the Angel Guest
Or beauties that are kept therein
Save when I strive to do my best
And rise triumphant over sin.

THINGS BEYOND OUR SENSES.



Prof. Tyndall has said: "Two-thirds of the rays emitted by the sun, fail to arouse the sense of vision." Huxley tells us that: "The wonderful noon-day silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only to the dullness of our hearing." If this is true, is it unreasonable to suppose that there are spiritual sights and sounds of which we take no cognizance, in consequence of the dullness of our spiritual faculties?

We have been let into an infinitesimal world of marvelous beauty through a little piece of dead glass. We have been permitted to enter a world of which we knew nothing, until Edison's microphone came to our aid. So in these days, some have been able through an agency, known only to spirit, to look upon scenes, and listen to sounds, that lie beyond the ken of lenses and wires. Many scholars are, at this time, looking timidly forward under the light that has come in these later days, fearful lest the "new science"

may launch them in waters too deep for anything known in their present philosophy. It is only a question of time, when science will deal with the unseen in a manner that the world will become enlightened respecting our interior faculties and subtle relationships. Then will the following sentiment present more truth than poetry:

“There are more things in heaven and earth,
 Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.”



Physical Culture is doing much to beautify the “human form divine.” Let us remember that man is not merely a physical being; there are other distortions and deformities than those that attach to the body; while it is well to do all in our power to relieve the physical of all stiffness and awkwardness, we should likewise make an effort to free the mental and the spiritual sides of our being; then there will be more perfect harmony with all law, at the same time more soul illumination.

THE CHRISTMAS-TIDE.



The following was given inspirationally at the conclusion of a lecture during one of the author's engagements in Chicago, Ill. The subject was presented by a lady in the audience who said afterwards, the entire poem was a test to her. She stated that her youngest daughter passed to the spirit world a few years previous, on Christmas. The mother was not a Spiritualist at the time, she clad herself in mourning and felt as though she would drape everything in black about the home. She tried to investigate Spiritualism in a quiet way, but received no satisfaction that her child lived and under proper conditions could return. Two years from the time the daughter left the home, the family held a reunion on Christmas; the mother was sad and in tears in the midst of mirth and song. While sitting by a chair she had requested to be kept vacant in memory of her daughter, she saw the loved one, she heard her speak, she was made to know that Spiritualism was a fact. When the lady related this to the writer, she concluded her remarks with these words: "The Christmas-Tide that brought my Angel child to me, was the most glorious Christmas of my whole life. I was then and there made a Spiritualist."



They hung the holly in windows bright,
They made the rooms most fair and light;
Sweet song and laughter filled the air,
The young and gay had gathered there.
A mother sat from all apart
With tearful eyes and aching heart;

Her soul sobbed out a silent prayer,
As she caressed a vacant chair;
The youngest one, a mother's pride
Drifted away one Christmas-Tide.

She heard the song, it gave no cheer,
Her cheeks were wet; tear after tear
Fell freely from the mother's eyes,
Her bosom heaved with smothered sighs;
When all at once above her head
A beautiful soft cloud was spread;
She saw above, a youthful face
That looked toward hers with quiet grace;
The mother cried: "My child once more
Has come to me; the silent shore
No longer holds the one that died
She comes to me this Christmas-Tide!"

Close by the mother a white form
With arms outstretched was kneeling down;
She sweetly smiled — the dear old way —
The lips that moved seemed not of clay;
The mother for joy could not speak,
A halo shone o'er brow and cheek,
She clasped the Angel at her side
Who had blessed her thus that Christmas-Tide.

"O, mother dear," was sweetly said;
She placed her hands on the dear head;
"I tried to come for many a day,
The door was shut, I went away;
I felt your longing here to-night,
I heard the music, all was bright,
I heard the call of your dear heart;
I pushed the flimsy veil apart,
I come! I nestle by your side
To give you joy this Christmas-Tide.

"I see the holly berries bright,
The dear old rooms with Christmas light;
I heard the strains of olden song,
I saw you sitting in the throng —
Sitting apart with tear-wet eyes;
I longed to give you this surprise;
Dear hands have filled the Christmas tree
With no remembrance there for me.

O, mother, never call me dead;
Close by your side I oft will tread;
I heed the days that come and go,
The summer's sun and winter's snow,
When comes again the Christmas-Tide
You will not weep for one who died;
And when you fill the Christmas tree,
May one gift hang thereon for me."

THE WONDERFUL SILENCE.



Oft I wait in the wonderful silence;
I listen to beautiful words
That have never on mortal lip trembled
Till the depth of my being is stirred.
And pure faces look in the silence
That came for long years but in dreams;
With forms like the twilight's soft shadows
That bend over shimmering streams.

I have a heart-shrine in the silence,
I leave there my hopes and my fears;
They are guarded by beautiful angels
Who turn into smiles all my tears.
There are holy, uplifting responses
That come to this spirit of mine
From the angels I meet in the silence,
When I turn to my altar-shrine.

There are times when it seems dark curtains
Are screening the beautiful light;

And star-beams are ever so distant
When I look for their glimmer at night.
Then I turn to my shrine in the silence,
And leave on its altar, a prayer
And I find in that trysting place ever
My God and my Angels are near.



The most irrational idea that a Spiritualist ever pictured of the Spirit World does not come half way down in absurdity, to the idea that some of our orthodox friends entertain of Heaven. Eternal Psalm singing to a person who cannot sing, and has no ear for the song of others, would not only be a disagreeable monotony, but *rasping* in the extreme. A state of inactivity i. e. of "perfect rest," would be the greatest kind of a hell to the active, labor-loving spiritual man. The idea that angels are simply "winged beings," floating on "nothingness," without form, or any of the attributes that belong to the *genus homo*, is the most senseless idea one can entertain of those who inhabit the other world. Annihilation would be preferable to any of these conditions.

THE TWO SINGERS.

—o—

A singer sang in a stately hall,
His voice was sad, his face, a pall;
He sang of trouble and discontent,
And begged in his song that man repent,
And yield life's pleasures before too late,
And at last be saved at heaven's gate.
He sang: "The whole world is growing worse;
'Tis a sad, sad world and all sin-cursed;"
And when he closed, not a word was said,
His tones fell on the heart like lead.

Another sang, in the market place;
A song for the People, with joyous face;
His voice itself was harmony,
As he sang of "The Good Time yet to be;"
The busy traveler on the street
Lingered to hear the singer sweet;
The children paused in their romp and play
To hear the song in the market-way;

When the singer had ceased in his joyous strain,
He was pressed by the crowd to sing again;
Cheer followed cheer, the prolonged applause,
Proved he was one with the Peoples' Cause.



To the one who believes in endless progress, there are limitless possibilities in all his dreams. To him, the most marvelous songs of this world, are simply snatches of melodies — fragments of broken chords that some sensitive ear may have caught, as the diapasons swept from octave to octave in the realms beyond, on instruments finer than those ever touched by mortal hand. If it is true that no physical range of vision can rise higher, or sink lower than certain points denominated by scientists, then may we not reasonably believe that our finest works of Art as presented from the canvas, may be very coarse, compared to the Art produced in spirit life, where, with finer vision, tints unknown to the physical eye, may be wrought out in designs as much more beautiful than anything earth presents, as we suppose the spirit to be more beautiful than the body?

GUIDE ME ARIGHT.

—o—

Guide me aright, sometimes my eyes are blinded,
I have not strength or courage to go on;
I do not see the path through thickets winding,
Where I must wander in the dark alone;
The skies are black as on a starless night,
Guide me aright.

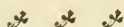
Guide me aright, to plains where I aspire,
Where earthly passion shall not master be;
Where every day I reach a peak still higher,
Until at last my soul unfettered — free
May stand alone, exulting in the light,
Guide me aright.

Guide me aright amid my earthly pleasures,
Nor let me grieve if loss instead of gain
Shall be my portion; this earth's fleeting treasures,
May seem as vict'ries; oft they give but pain.
I would be taught to see with clearer sight,
Guide me aright.

Guide me aright that in my outward journey
When heart-throbs cease and conflicts here are
o'er
My soul may rise untrammelled from the mortal
And find its home upon the other shore;
Be as a star — a faithful Beacon Light,
Guide me aright.



We never make a greater mistake than when we manifest our unwillingness to learn from others the lessons that would be of great value to ourselves. Nothing hinders advancement more than vain conceit that resents advice or counsel.



As the richest soil when uncultivated, yields the rankest, and often the most loathsome weeds, so the uncultivated mind of a person who possesses a genius, often corrupts society and becomes a more baneful element than would even a worse man with a weaker brain.

JUST YOU AND I.

—o—

Do you remember dear, that golden day
When we together watched the summer sky,
Amid the shadows of the grand old wood,
Wrapt in the bliss of nature's solitude
Just you and I?

Have you forgotten how the distant past
Repainted pictures on our mental sky,
Until it seemed that we stood face to face
As two souls meeting in some holy place,
Just you and I?

How strange the tide, that after many years
Drifted our barques together on life's brine!
We floated out, and did not know the way
Our boats had anchored on that summer day;
Just yours and mine.

Perhaps my dear, somewhere when we have
crossed

The border line, beneath as fair a sky,
Our hands may clasp, and soul may talk to soul,
As in the shadows of that woodland old,
Just you and I.



No legislative body can, by enactment, ever make a thing true or false. Principles are never changed by vote. The courts should have no more to do in deciding matters relative to spiritual manifestations than in attempting to prove or disprove the doctrine of the Trinity or the Immaculate Conception. They could decide one as well as the other.



There is no way by which truth can be so effectually presented, as when incorporated into our lives. Words amount to little with soul expression. A parrot may be taught to articulate fine sentences, but her words never inspire a listener with better thoughts or to more noble deeds.

GREAT SPIRIT OF ETERNAL TRUTH.



Great Spirit of Eternal Truth,
Shine Thou upon our darkened way,
Until our souls reflect the light
That falleth from Thy mountain's height,
And Error's thoughts are put to flight
By Thy great Majesty.

Great Spirit of Enlightened Truth;
The past holds many a fettering chain;
Our lives to empty forms are bound,
False pride and custom hedge us 'round,
Mankind is groveling in the ground
Mere worldly wealth to gain.

Great Spirit of Immortal Truth,
Pave for each soul a glowing way
Upon us now; Thy influence shower
That we may rise as one grand power,
To consecrate this living hour,
And glorify this day.

I CANNOT TELL.



I cannot tell how in the voiceless silence,
 My songs are born;
I only know they fall in sweetest cadence
 And cheer me on.

I may not see the forms of the dear teachers
 Who often guide;
I reach my hand amid the darkened shadows,
 They're by my side.

I cannot tell while in the silence waiting
 How two souls meet;
I only feel life's strange and mystic circle
 Is more complete.

A REVERIE.

—o—

The blue sky bends in beauty
Over the waking earth;
The air is sweet with blossoms,
The leaflets are hastening forth;
The birds from the soft green branches
Their songs of morning sing,
And tender memories waken
This rare, sweet day of spring.

I hear a voice from the North-land
In the breeze that passes by;
I wonder if dear home spirits
Can gather my reply.
I would span the vale and mountain
With thoughts most true and dear,
For I know our silent yearnings
Oft bring our loved ones near.

Sometimes a calm, sweet influence
Touches these lives of ours

When the deep unuttered longing
Of our soul-life outward pours;
When every shimmering sunbeam
And wave, with jeweled crest,
Reflect the cherished faces
Of those we love the best.



The under current of thought cannot be controlled. Every human consideration will fall before the larger life that bears us on. Growth and outgrowth is an eternal law. Every struggle for justice, every battle for freedom, as well as every bereavement that bows us low, are the throes through which better conditions are born. Through them we are led to better things and the experiences themselves yield us fresh springs of inspiration.

AN IMPROMPTU,
ON THE RECEPTION OF A BOUQUET.



Precious this gift from her, my cherished friend;
Dear pinks and roses, O, how sweet ye are!
Your fragrance like a breath of heaven seems,
Your beauty changes earth's coarse atmosphere.

How strange the life your charming petals
hold —
Some poor, bruised petals, sweeter than the
rest;
A useful lesson to my thoughts unfold —
A priceless sermon in your leaves expressed.

Was it a careless hand or frosty breath
That marred your beauty, rose of daintiest
hue?
It matters not, for in your cruel death
A richer fragrance has been given you.

Some natures, like these flowers I hold to-night,
Many a hurt and cruel touch have borne,
And 'neath their bruises, hid from mortal sight,
They bear a sweetness this world ne'er has
known.



We pity the poor hunch-back, and sympathise with the one who is crippled in limb. Do not the mental and moral cripples need our sympathy as much as those who are deformed physically? Ought they not to be treated as tenderly and with as much consideration as the one who is crippled in body?



All must learn, sooner or later, that reciprocity is a law of nature. We cannot continuously take and never give. We must earn our happiness if we would have and keep it. If we live for a purpose, to make the world better, and to make the most of ourselves, we receive growth in the doing, and happiness will be the legitimate result.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?



The above subject was presented from the audience at the conclusion of a lecture delivered many years since, in Boston, Mass. At the time it was given, our country was passing through a financial struggle and what was known as the Comstock Law, was in full force in Massachusetts; every Free Thought and Spiritualist paper in the country was threatened, and honest men and women were being sent to prison under the Comstock reign.



O, ye ascended ones, what of the night?
Are ye upon the watch-towers over there
Keeping guard, heaven appointed sentinels?
Do ye now feel the great world's throbbing pulse,
And sense the quaking of earth's strongest hearts
While feebler ones are nearly dumb with fear?

The hands upon the dial-plate of time
Have turned an hundred times and many more,
Since Freedom's bell sent out its ringing tones
upon the air,
Proclaiming we are free! But are we free?
What means the threatenings of Church and
State?

The pious Church, with consecrated saints,
Who for the "Glory of their God" would spoil
His handiwork — an honest man.

Alas! The State; so full of guilt and crime;
Puts forth its long, strong arm and writes the
law

That must become the living soul's decree.
What though a God hath writ with pen of fire
A truth divine within the human brain?
That brain may burn and throb with heaven's
thought,

It cannot flash it to the waiting world,
Without inuring pain, contempt and scorn.

Who are the free? Are there not galling chains
Upon the lower millions? Hear their cry —
Their piteous cry, for their daily bread.
What wealth is hoarded in this boasted land!
Yet men walk foodless in the streets tonight,
While just across the way, the ample shelves
Are piled with bread; tomorrow they'll be thrown
With moulding refuse in the offal cart,
And still the cry goes out, "Oh, give me bread."

O, if a Christ might come and teach us love;
A love that binds mankind in brotherhood;

A love that puts elixir into life;
A love that medicines our weariness;
A love that would light fires on this cold earth
And make it warm, and light, and beautiful.

O, ye ascended ones, what of the night?
Do your far-seeing souls see morning gleams?
What answer do you bring earth's praying ones,
Who bring their anxious, aching hearts to you?
Ye who have fought the battles of the past
And steered the Ship of State 'mid storm and
flood;
Ye who have suffered for the Truth's dear sake,
And labored long to forward Justice's cause;
What of the future? What do signs portend?
Heaven, earth and hell now stir; the tocsin sounds
The cry of war is echoed on the air;
Will creed, and sect, and party always stand,
Or, as the day of Retribution comes,
Will popes and robber-rulers cease their sway?
And all be ground between the flinty stones
Of Justice, Equity and human Rights?

Ye Sentinels, I pause. On yonder heights,
Your words in thunder-tones respond to me;
"The Old is dying, let the New come in;"
Listen: "The Peoples' Advent" truly comes;

Do you not hear this strong, majestic tread
Of the World's savior, up "the steeps of time?"
'Tis he who shakes the world to centre now;
He sets the scales of Justice; they are true;
The balance will be felt by loyal souls;
Manhood will rise against ignoble laws,
And gods will write upon the hearts of men:
"Humanity is better than a Church."



A morbid desire may be cultivated in any direction, and not unfrequently do we meet well meaning people who seek nothing more in Spiritualism than "signs," and who continuously besiege the mediums to give them "positive proofs of spirit identity." If such would occasionally make an effort to find a test of their own spirit identity, they would put themselves in a condition where they would get the "proof" they continuously demand of others.

THE CHANGE,

—o—

Once on a time, I read a rhyme,
'Twas set in faulty numbers;
I truly thought the one who wrote,
Had made the worst of blunders.

His queer rhymes proved he was in love;
And tried to tell his passion;
O pshaw! I said, the silly head!
Who cares for his soft gushing?

Many a day had passed away;
I read the same lines over;
He was no dunce, I found at once,
But a true-hearted lover.

And now the style that made me smile
When first I gave the reading,
Though not of art, spoke from the heart
And woke responsive feeling.

And I would say, in some strange way
The rhymes stirred my emotion;
Unknown to fame or rustic pen,
Portrayed the soul's devotion.



One of the greatest hindrances in the way of intellectual attainment or spiritual growth, is the thought that we have certain limitations, and we set our bounds accordingly. Not only do we hinder our own advancement, but we attempt to limit others by the bonds we have put around ourselves.



The religion of Spiritualism—I do not know how else to name it, must explore the seeming mysteries of life, solve its problems, and set every fact ablaze with a living inspiration. Faithful sentinels keep watch and hold guard, ready, as soon as their instruments in this world can co-operate, to push forward for greater mental freedom and a higher education.

THE PRICE OF VIRTUE.



The man who loves and practices the good,
May not have been, in the first stage of life,
Entirely free from elements of strife,
And craft, and cunning; possibly he stood
Upon the borders of the threatening flood
Where passion raged upon its maddening crest,
And swallowed thousands at Red Sin's behest.
We may not know the battle one has fought,
Nor how the forces of his being stirred
When he resolved his very soul to gird
With Virtue's armor; nor the pain inwrought
Into his very vitals, on that day
When he determined Sin or Self to slay.
Nor that the strength he used, that sin to quell
Might have thrust him to the deepest hell.

PARADOXES.

—o—

I live in a world where the skies are clear
In time of stormy weather;
And in spite of frosts, the flowers appear,
Whose bud and bloom I gather.

The beautiful streams by grass banks flow
And dance, while ice-king's reigning;
And the air is warm 'mid the winter's snow,
The birds are ever singing.

The streets where I live are always fair;
Castles, with minarets shining
Can be builded up in a single hour,
Till they touch the clouds' soft lining.

Amid all the discord of harshest sounds
The softest airs are playing,
And none are here but delightful friends;
Some are constantly staying.

I send my message hither and yon
Without the wire's soft clicking,
And when I may seem to the world alone
The crowds my realm are seeking.

This beautiful realm, with its glory-skies,
And castles, suns are gilding,
Is the soul — a realm beyond worldly price,
Where my best life is building.



There is no toil however humble or monotonous, but that becomes an inspiration, and ceases to be a task, when accompanied by love-service. As soon as we become conscious that our contribution of labor in the home, and in society, is indispensable in the general order of things, we rise to a dignity in our labor, that would befit a king or queen.

THE HUMAN HEART.



What a wonderful thing is the human heart,
As it keeps up its constant round of beating;
Now matter how often with dexterous art
We attempt strange "make-ups" to act some
part

The heart is still keeping
The self-same life, whether waking or sleeping.

What a wonderful thing that force must be,
That causes the daily surging and flowing
Of the boundless waves of life's red sea,
Rushing and gushing so constantly;
Its power never knowing,
And never through outlet, its rivers going.

What a sensitive thing is the human heart!
One thought may set the red spring chilling;
Or sunder a freezing current apart
Or cause congealed currents again to start
With new joy infilling,
The fountain of life, delightful and thrilling.

THE ANGELS' MESSAGE.



The following poem is simply the tale of a dream. The dream was giving to me one night after Mr. Hull and myself had visited several Reform Institutions in the vicinity of Boston. We were at that time engaged in the publication of a paper and interested in the Prison Reform movement. The experiences of the day to which I refer made a deep, and sad impression upon me which probably gave rise to the dream.

One night I sat in my quiet room,
The earth, like myself, seemed out of tune;
The storm-king tapped on the window-pane
The hoarse wind sobbed a sad refrain;
The heavens were black, and the foamy sea
Was as full of discords as waves could be.

I had walked that day, 'mong the haunts of
crime;
I had stood beside earth's meanest kind —
Met those so buried in wrong and shame
That they even loathed their woman's name;
Wives who were worse than widowed, they said,
With puny babies, no home nor bread.

And men I had seen, haggard and worn;
Like human beasts; some with bloated forms;
And children cursed from earliest age
With the blight of wasted parentage;
Their homes, oh, heavens! What social hells!
O'er which had tolled love's funeral knells.

Soul-weary and sick I turned away,
And thought, in a town where Christians pray —
Where it is claimed we morally stand
In advance of the heathen, in this fair land,
If there are Angels in homes of bliss,
Oh, heaven! oh, God! what mockery this.

I pondered thus, alone in my room;
The storm in my heart eclipsed the gloom
Of the world outside, till in a dream
I stood on the banks of a deep, wide stream;
On its banks were temples and churches fair,
And congregations in waiting there.

I watched them long with a curious eye,
And heard them talking as they passed by;
And there were many in that vast throng
Who claimed they ne'er committed wrong;
The Christians denounced this world of sin
But no church-door swung to let them in.

And some talked loudly of "moral law;"
Other proud saints, there were, whom I saw
Gather their robes in jeweled hand,
Then by a temple take their stand.
Then I heard a voice to the people call:
"Come hither for Christ's sake, one and all."

A woman sang from a temple grand;
She sang a song of "The Holy Land;"
A sin-sick sister hearing the song,
Took up her baby and left the throng;
She sought the singer — "Bless you," she said,
"Your song was sweet, and my soul is fed."

"And who are you, with this tiny life?
A mother you say and not a wife?
Have you stooped so low in vice and shame?
Go, girl! This temple you will defame;
Go! This is the place where angels meet
Turn from this place your blackened feet."

Then to the churches I looked once more,
"Mene," was written o'er every door;
And I saw a hand, so white, out-reach,
And write on the walls of every church,
One sentence, but O, it much revealed;
"Weighed in the balance and wanting still."

The stream then widened — the swelling tide
Pressed higher and higher on either side;
The churches were swallowed; the temples fair
Went out of sight, I knew not where;
And the crowd astonished, went away
To a hillside green to preach and pray.

No priest was there to say a word,
An Angel appeared, and this I heard:
“We came, your churches would not receive,
We plead, your people would not believe;
Pulpit and rostrum were both denied,
And the Spirit’s Truth was crucified.

“You sent yon woman from your church-door
Branded a sinner; which sinned the more?
Who here shall place her in low estate?
Did she fall through love? You fell through hate;
When Angels your records shall pass in,
Which one think you will the whitest seem?”

’Mong the eager listeners in the throng
And those whose voices joined the song
Were the fallen man, and the outcast woman;
With souls of God and bodies human,
And their faces wore a holy light
And their garments were of glistening white.

When the Angel ceased, a joyous song
Rose in grand unison from that throng;
No one could tell by the garbs they wore,
Who had been Saint or Sinner before;
For Souls had been raised to Truth's domain,
And the Angel sang sweetly, "Amen, Amen."



It pays in every sense to be honest — yes, honest with ourselves. We are never more deceived than when we undertake to deceive others; the greatest fool of all, is the one who fools himself.



We often hear the statement that "We should broaden in our thought." This is well, but let us bear in mind that we should desire deep thinking as well as broad thinking. The great thinker is not necessarily one who covers a great range of subjects, but one who thinks deeply, consecutively and analytically. The great thinker is always noble and generous in his attitude toward other thinkers.

SOME THINGS THAT HAVE NO END.



There comes an ending to all hand-clasps here;
To every smile, and earthly hope and fear;
An end to envy and to hatred's spite;
An end to vict'ries through the power of might;
But unto Love that binds a friend to friend,
There is a future — Love can never end.

There comes an end to passion's burning word;
That unto fire, man's being oft has stirred;
The gorgeous shows of earth will pass away;
The false and flimsy of this world decay;
But soulful homage, friend bestows on friend,
Will live forever — it can have no end.

There comes an end to every mortal voice,
That thrills the heart and makes the soul rejoice;
Echoes may die away o'er land and sea,
Its accents by the world forgotten be;
The Soul will ever speak unto its friend,
To Love's sweet whispers — there can be no end.

FALSE PROPHECIES.

—o—

'Twas given me to love this dear old earth,
Its bounding waters and its brilliant skies;
The glorious trees sending their strong arms
forth,
The garden blossoms with their varied dyes.

• 'Twas given me to love the poet's rhyme,
And singer's voice, melodious, sweet and low;
And listening to such voice at evening time,
I dreamed the angels came to earth below.

'Twas given me to love as woman loves,
With deep emotion and a passion strong —
A love that whispered in the leaves and flowers
And wove its fervor into all my song.

And it was said to me one childhood's day,
"The sky will dull as you grow old, my dear;
The flowers, and sky, and waters will grow
tame,
And lose their charm with every passing year."

And yet to-day, the same old glory rests
 Upon the sky, and splashing wavelet's gleam;
And flower, and star, and white moon's silver
 crest
Are just as fair as when in childhood seen.

Another said: "Trust not the poet's rhyme,
 'Tis but the story of a phantasy;
Discordant natures may the sweetest sing
 And angels never can come down to thee."

The poet's rhyme holds more for me to-day
 Than when a maiden, for his world is mine;
And angels oft have signaled on the way
 By many a token, and a living sign.

And the sweet music of the human voice
 When echoing forth some soulful melody,
Lifting sad lives to hope, and peace, and joy,
 Ne'er as to-day, has had the charm for me.

And with a sigh 'twas told to me one day
 That my "love-apples" would all turn to dust;
And my fond hopes and fair ideals would lie
 Under the iceberg of a cold distrust.

Years have been mine since all these prophecies
 Were given to me; but I am loving still;

And all my rosy dreams 'neath love's young
skies

Have been realities, with hopes fulfilled.



The intelligence that comprehends the demands of the times, calls for a church as broad as the world, a creed as universal as man, and a belief in the progress of every human soul.



All things possess the language of the spirit. If I could know what a flower is, or the wonderful process by which it drinks its life from the sunbeam or drop of dew, I could know what God is. No one who has felt the exhilaration that comes in the breath of a spring morning, or the life of the running water, vocal with the melody of sound, but that wants to know the language of the spirit. The soul hungers for something that cannot be furnished either by reason or argument.

OUR VICTORIES.

—o—

Sometimes 'neath shadows of defeat we stand
Among the Victors, who have won the prize;
And as we drop our hapless, empty hands,
With tears nigh surging to our burning eyes;
We do not know the annals of that day
May mark a victory upon the way.

We may have held to faith on that one time,
That vanquished demons from the life within;
And in our struggle, reached a height sublime
Unconquered by the tempting lure of sin;
When worldly prizes from us slipped away,
Our Conquered Self was Victor-crowned that day.

'TIS NO NEW TALE.

—o—

'Tis no new tale; the world has e'er been blind,
And never known its saviors when they came;
The honest souls, who played heroic part
In years now drifted, to the seas of time,
Were each pursued with foul and deadly aim
By those, who thought it would not be a crime
To slay a man, to glorify a God!
The martyrs perished; now we speak their names
With tender reverence, and we strive to place
Them, 'twixt the earth and heaven, as souls
divine;
We glorify them with uplifted hands,
And name their daring deeds with whole-souled
praise.
We call upon the world to venerate
That which it hated with contempt and scorn.

'Tis no new tale; that we repeat to-day;
The long fierce grapple with the old-time wrong;
Voices have spoken with tongues of fire

And mighty pens have writ in every age,
Of this world's wickedness and cruel wrongs.

And for what purpose did the heroes brave
Beat back the sunshine from their daily lives?
Why did they mount the scaffold? brave the
fires?

Did they then see one single glimmering
As one bright promise o'er the sands of Time?

'Tis no new tale — the war with Church and
State;

The arm of persecution — old as time,
Seeks in each age to limit brain of man.
We wait for growth, but brains so barren seem;
Hearts are so pulseless; mortal lips so dumb;
Is it because, as the true poet saith,
"Ignorance makes cowards of us all?"
Man feels through darkness for a hand of help;
And woman — made almost a perfect seer,
Through chastening sorrow and fond hope
deferred,

Dares dream of purer, brighter, loftier things
Than she had found within her narrow sphere.

'Tis no new tale — this war for human rights;
Field after field has run with human gore;

Millions of men have faced the cannon's mouth
And sworn by heaven, to spill their heart's
 warm blood
That Freedom might be born.

Up, through the smoke and carnage of red war
The screaming eagle, long ago took flight;
And soaring upward, toward the ether skies,
Found resting place upon our Nation's Dome,
And loudly cried: "Freedom to all the Land."
And still has Freedom all the links unbound?

'Tis a sad tale, and yet the New Year comes
With brave prophetic words. Can ye not hear?
"The light is coming o'er the darkened plains;"
The clouds are thick, we may not see the light
And yet we feel within our deepest souls
That the deliverer will surely come —
The glorious time, when men will swear by
 Truth
And not with hand upon a palsied heart;
Not swear by One whom they have never known,
But by their loyal souls, faithful and true;
Then they will win their glorious vict'ries all
Without a sword upon a bloodless field.

'Twill be a joyous tale — when Justice comes;
And Peace shall sing her anthems for all men;
When Tyranny no longer treads upon
The growing Genius, of a happy age.
O, speed the time when brotherhood shall reign,
And man and woman, side by side may rise
Inspired with love, that makes life beautiful.
Then shall the children born to this estate,
Be welcomed to the arms of sheltering care;
Wealthy in all that makes this life divine,
Blessed with the heritage of Truth and Love,
They cannot know the meaning of the tale —
The sad, sad tale, the war for Human Rights.

WHY.

—o—

Why do we oft withhold the loving tribute
From those who strive to help us day by day,
With tender, loving, patient service,
And praise the absent, who are far away?

Why do we save our rarest, sweetest blossoms,
To place upon the graves of loved ones gone?
Knowing that all around us lives grow weary
Of planting roses, but to gather thorns.

Why do we think while swift hours past are
rushing;
“I have no time to tell my love to-day;”
When we know hourly some fond heart is long-
ing
For just the words our own would like to say?

Why do we smother tender, sweet expressions.
That almost reach out lips — love’s offerings;
When we know, within our sight is living
A soul, that longs for just these blessed things?

O, let us pause and clasp the hands outreaching,
And press the hearts that would beat 'gainst
our own;

Life is so short — its sweetest blossoms fading,
Soon they may leave us; then we weep alone.



No one can reasonably deny the fact of soul communion between people in this world. Distance is no barrier; solid walls no obstacle. Though thousands of miles intervene, soul finds soul and enters into communion whenever opportunity is given. Not only do lovers meet and hold delightful interviews, and friends hold sweet interchange of thought, it not unfrequently occurs that those who have become estranged meet in the moments of soul meditation, often in voiceless language, wrongs have been righted, harsh words forgotten, and life made richer and more complete by reconciliations that take place in the wonderful silence.

MINISTRY.

—o—

In my spirit's chamber, hidden,
Often words to me are given —
Words whose strange and mystic meaning,
 I can scarcely understand;
And I wonder how they find me,
When the din of earth surrounds me,
Then I feel the tender pressure
 Of a gentle, leading hand.

To my soul is given visions
Of bright skies, and fields elysian;
Then life's shadows seem the curtains
 Through which glimmering star-beams shine;
And all thoughts of vain regretting
Turn to happiness, forgetting
All the sorrow and complaining,
 That my weary hours had known.

Is it fancy — an ideal,
That assumes the strangely real,

Given but to lure my spirit
From an hour of anxious care?
Nay; there comes desire for action,
And a sense of satisfaction
Follows, like a benediction,
Or a soft "amen" to prayer.



Our secret desires and ambitions may never materialize to the outer world, their effect on our inner, or real life, is the same as though they had found expression. We rise and fall in the scale of progress by what we think or strive to do, as well as by what we say, or accomplish in deed.



No expression of love, truth, or beauty, can touch the soul without making it better and happier; and this is religion.

GO FORTH MY SOUL.

—o—

Sometimes there comes a partial glimpse to me,
Of a great world of thought, that lies out
there;

I do not seek for it on bended knee,
I do not ask for it in worded prayer;
To reach that higher consciousness of things,
My soul must rise upon unfettered wings.

Sometimes 'tis given to my sense to know
That there are truths ne'er writ in earthly
lore;
And wond'rous fields just given to my view,
That man's unaided genius ne'er explored;
He who would seek those marv'lous, glorious
things,
Must rise in soul unfettered on his wings.

Sometimes there comes from out the atmosphere,
A whisper I can scarcely understand;
And just before me in the viewless air

I see the shadow of a guiding hand,
And the strange silence e'er this message brings,
Go forth, O, soul, upon unfettered wings.

I would not wait until the icy seal
Of death, is set upon my stony face;
To know what all these wond'rous glimpses
mean,

Just shown to me, while in this dwelling place;
And so I pray amid these earthly things,
O soul go forth, unfettered be thy wings.



We often hear the statement "I love the truth so much, I would die for it." Does it ever occur to those who think they would be willing to sacrifice so much, that the real test of courage and loyalty to a cause, is to be willing to live and sacrifice for it — to endure all that is involved in that sacrifice? It is not in dying, but in living for the truth that tests one's real love and courage.

HEART TO HEART.

—o—

Sit down I pray thee, by my fireside bright,
And let us have a soulful talk to-night;
We'll strive to set each other's heart aright.

Let's drop, my friend, the masks we daily wear,
And show each other as we truly are;
'Twill change so much life's inner atmosphere.

We know our lives some hidden woes now hold;
Perhaps 'twere better if they could be told,
And you and I were loyal to the soul.

I may have erred; if so, I now believe,
More closely to your heart I ought to live;
Love scarce is love, that cannot once forgive.

If we would strive each other's heart to know,
I'm very sure we would not differ so,
And life's deep currents would more smoothly
 flow.

My friend, we do not love each other less,
Because we daily drop some tenderness
That once was wont our passing hours to bless.

If we would pause, our truest word to say,
Leaving a moment cares of one short day,
How many buds would blossom on our way.

Let us resolve that we will henceforth be
True to ourselves; then I am true to thee;
Thou to thy friend, wilt ever loyal be.

Sweeter our dreams, that we have talked to-
night,
Brighter the dawn, when comes the morning
light
For we have set each other's heart aright.

INCOMPLETENESS.



There are some days that seem so incomplete;
When emptiness pervades the very air;
And all we strive to do, or think, or speak,
Is like a life without an atmosphere.

There are some days that seem so incomplete;
Somehow we miss, what to us never came;
We feel a disappointment and regret,
Yet how, or why, perhaps we cannot name.

There are some days that seem so incomplete;
As though a duty somewhere, we denied,
Or in our selfishness, o'erlooked a deed
That would have made our heart more satisfied.

Do not the days that seem so incomplete,
Oft hold some longing, on which we can rise
Unto that place, where we may find defeat
And disappointment, angels in disguise?
May not the sense of incompleteness bring
A greater life — reveal some hidden spring?

THE LOST VOICE.



Come back to me, sweet voice I heard in dreams;
A thousand mem'ries did thy tone awake;
And left me sorrowful and wandering
Speak, sweet voice, speak.

Come back to me, 'twas as an echo cast
Upon the swiftly running stream of time;
And yet it sent me wand'ring through the past,
That echo-chime.

The day is sweeter, ah! and dearer too,
And why 'tis thus, my heart can scarcely tell;
Somehow it seems some new joy came to me,
Then sang its knell.

UNAPPRECIATED BLESSINGS.



How many beautiful gardens
We pass when days are bright;
Eager to reach the climbing
That leads to some mountain height.
In our haste unmindful of roses
That greet us on the way;
Deaf to the music of waters,
Blind to the fountain's spray.

How long seems the road to the mountain;
How the rough stones hurt our feet;
Our limbs grow weary of climbing
As we scorch 'neath the burning heat.
But we struggle on, and onward,
Till hours of day are done;
And we sink at last discouraged,
At the setting of the sun.

In our heart is constant thirsting
To view the mountain's crest;

Though worn out with our journey
We can scarcely pause for rest;
So on, as the shadows deepen,
In torturing pain we rise;
The way is dark and uncertain;
So we wait for morning skies.

Then the hours of vain regretting;
For on this trail we find,
The path grows rougher and steeper
Each moment as we climb.
We learn the cliffs are in cloud-land —
Cliffs, where we had hoped to stand
In the midst of the sun's full glory
On the plains of "Wonder-Land."

Weary, and footsore, we backward
Turn, with the rising sun;
And we reach the dear old places
Ere another day is done.
Content to dwell in the valley
Where rippling waters play,
And to care for the little blossoms
That are given us to-day.

MY PRAYER.

—o—

I do not ask that Heaven may bless me more,
Nor that my path may e'er more even be;
Nor that the burdens of the passing hours
Be less to bear;
But I do pray that I may strive to find
That larger love, that maketh me more kind,
More generous, more willing to forgive.

I also pray that I may turn to Truth,
As blossoms turn unto the sun
And grow more beautiful.
I know that unseen powers reach out to help
The patient traveler, on the upward way.
And though his feet may tire at every step
And hands grow weary in their holdings here,
There is a recompense that always comes
To those who with firm feet press bravely on.
I also pray that I may never fear
To take a truth, for all that truth may mean,
And stand undaunted, though the world may say,

"Behold he hath a wrong."

This is my prayer; when all of this shall come,
Then I shall feel that I am large enough
To ask the gods to walk the earth with me.



We want, and will accept, all the assistance it is possible for us to receive as we ascend the jagged pathways of life, but glorious indeed will be our achievement, when we are enabled to reach the peaks for ourselves, and to look down from the clear skies upon the valleys where storms swept and the floods came. The only way to reach the highland, is to climb, climb.



Why do some reformers put so much stress on the term, "Woman's Cause?" Is not woman's cause man's cause, and *vice versa*? Woman does not demand stronger legal protection, but the moral protection of brave, strong, pure-minded men. Together men and women must rise or fall, and be bound or free.

CRUEL WORDS.

—o—

They were only words yet they pierced the soul,
For each was tipped with a venom's sting;
When once sent forth they were past recall
And a loving heart fell a bruised thing.

Like a hot simoon with its fetid breath,
That withers the fields in a single hour,
So the scorpion words stung love to death,
And beautiful dreams of life were o'er.

There are graves more dark than the yawning
earth,
And hearts that are buried more deeply here
Than under the sod; O, the living death,
Of human hearts, is the worst to bear.

SIMILES.

—o—

There are no storms like those that sweep
Over a soul;
When passions loose, defiant leap,
Beyond control.

There are no floods like those that pour
Into the heart;
Hurling its hopes in one short hour
To ruin dark.

There is no lightnin'gs lurid gleam
With such power fraught,
For the destruction of mankind,
As evil thought.

ANSWERS.

—o—

You ask me, friend, how the Soul's songs are
born,
Amid the din of this coarse world of ours;
How skies can gather tints of rosy dawn
While clouds are heavy and the storm-king
roars?

I answer, friend, O, send your spirit forth
And you will hear and see things apart from
earth.

You ask me why I e'er call Pain a friend,
When through the veins he sends nothing but wo;
And threatening ever, with a dagger aimed
As though he meant to pierce one's vitals
through?

I can but answer, Pain great truths reveal;
Through his inflictions, we oft learn to heal.

You ask me why the record of lost years
Should from our life-book, every leaf be torn;

Because, my friend, you cannot see through tears
The brighter pages that are yet to come;
Turn a new leaf; its page may now be white;
Not of the Old, but of the New things write.



I would forever blot out the term "human weakness" and in its place substitute that of human power. I do not here make use of the words divine power, because I know of no power morally, intellectually or spiritually, outside of man. I would that all the world might forget all the misery that has been attributed to human weakness. I wish it were possible to inspire brain and soul with a faith in human possibilities — a faith that would make man strong in the belief that he can rise and become master of himself.

REACHING FOR SUNBEAMS.

—o—

A laughing boy was on the floor
Where sunbeams fell so brightly;
And shadows followed one by one,
Like fairies dancing sprightly.
The baby's eyes grew wond'rous bright,
And he laughed and crowed with sheer delight,
And struggled to reach, with all his might,
One little sunbeam prancing.

The wee white hands were thrust to catch
The pretty thing, so golden;
It touched his palm, and then alas!
The prize was past his holding.
The fickle sunbeam went away,
The fairy shadows ceased to play,
Great was baby's grief that day;
His hopes and heart were broken.

Others, than babies often reach
To empty air, for prizes;

And wiser ones than they, have met
With just as sad surprises.
For often do we reach for light
And think the real is in sight,
And strive to grasp with all our might,
The phantom in disguises.



If one-half the time that has been invested in the effort to prove the one God, had been used for the purpose of proving the one Humanity, on what a different foundation would our religious, political, and social system rest at the present time. The church sways the social sceptre; she has become the shrine of fashion; she commands the worship of the rich. Is this an evidence that she is a moral and a spiritual guide? Who can truthfully deny that politics is a chess-board for gamblers, and that popular society rests on conventionalities and shams?

RETROSPECTION.



Brighter and clearer the way appears,
As I add to the sum of my earthly years.

Richer my pleasures and sweeter Love's wine
Than life's goblet held in its sweet Spring-time.

Some hopes were buried 'mid blinding tears,
But others were born for coming years.

Each day with its lessons to me proves,
Less cause for hatred and more for love.

Some clouds have deepened in days gone by;
I have always found a gleam in the sky.

The longer I live, the more I see,
There's a purpose in all that comes to me.

Life is too short to waste in regret;
All but the helpful, I strive to forget.

LOST IN THE AIR.



You ask me to reproduce the words
That fell on your ear, once on a time;
When all the depths of my soul were stirred
And my thoughts were set to flowing rhyme.
'Twas the breath of a soul
It was lost on the air,
Beyond my control,
I know not where.

You ask me to repeat the song
That woke a mem'ry seldom stirred,
In that blest hour when unseen hands
Touched tenderly life's inner chord;
'Twas the voice of a soul
And it drifted away
Like the water that rolls
And is lost in the spray.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF MODERN SPIRIT-
UALISM OR THE SPIRITS' EASTER.

—o—

We bring you joyous greetings friends,
From our home across the way;
We have bridged the stream of death with
flowers,
Whose lives were nursed in spirit bowers,
May they unite our love with yours,
On this our Easter Day.

You ne'er had learned that love died not,
Your souls with grief were stirred;
Your eyes were dim — your constant prayers
Were wails of grief and deep despair;
Your loved had gone; you knew not where
Till the faint rap was heard.

A rap — a little rap at last;
So strange — so wierd a thing;
Who knew its meaning? Who could tell

Whether the omen was good or ill?
From saint in Heaven, or fiend in Hell,
Who would answer bring?

Again, again the strange sound came;
At last in a child's own way,
With mingled feelings of joy and fear,
She said: "Mamma it can see and hear"
(Not dreaming the spirit so near,)
"And it knows, too, what I say."

The greatest truth of a living age;
Sought by priest and seer,
Given at last by a little child,
Spoken by lips that knew no guile,
Giving to man the proof the while
The so-called dead were near.

It met the scorn of earthly powers,
But its voice could not be stilled
It proved the dream of centuries,
The sacred garner of hopes and fears;
This message brought from the spirit spheres
The pulse of the soul-world thrilled.

Faith is no more a wanderer blind,
Her eyes with radiant light,

Are catching gleams from the other shore,
She sees the loved who have gone before,
And bends a mourner in crape, no more,
 She has knowledge of touch and sight.

Aye, this is the Spirits' Easter Day,
 Then let the joy-bells ring;
Your friends are coming now to earth,
Mortals, let your songs go forth,
While we proclaim the higher birth,
 And our *Te Deums* sing.



Spiritualism is sometimes called "The Gospel of Love." I am sometimes led to enquire if some of our Spiritualist friends have not given the wrong interpretation to the "Gospel of Love," or to the Spiritual Philosophy.



Books should never be used as prisons in which to confine one's thoughts, but rather as keys by which to unlock them.

UNDISCOVERED TRUTHS.



It does not follow because we are unable to communicate with the inhabitants of the unseen world, that such beings, and such a world do not exist. Man has always lived in an ocean of air, but for centuries he knew no more of the component parts of the atmosphere he breathed, than fish know of the world in which they exist. Man with ever unfolding capacities, has not only been able to analyze the air he breathes, and to fathom the world wherein exists the finny tribe, he has reached out into the soul world, and comprehended in a partial sense, the wonderful realm that lies out there beyond the ken of material sight and sound. The inhabitants of that world have become tangible to him, and his communication with them are as much of a reality as the communication he holds with the inhabitants of earth. It may be impossible for the majority of the denizens of this world to comprehend these facts. The

long dark cable whose pulsating arm stretched through the ocean waters, carries hourly, messages to the Old World, and brings back their answers. The dwellers in the briny deep, have no comprehension of this, nor do they know anything of the sea of air, the world above their own, where man lives. The weakest position one can take in the discussion of spiritual things, is the one based on the statement, "I know it is not true, because I have not seen."



Every life has some experiences, which, when translated, might become rare, sweet poems. Strip existence of its poetry, romance and emotions, and each would become a mass of shapeless objects.



There is within every soul an inner voice that speaks betimes, when harsher sounds are hushed. Every life might become a revelation if its possibilities were understood.

A PICTURE.

—o—

I looked out on the calm and restless sea
At sunset's hour, the waves were touched with
gold,
That seemed to fall from heaven like drapery
And cover the vast deep, like fold on fold;
And boats at rest with furled sails seemed to be
Upon the bosom of that golden sea.

The night came on, and curtains soft and grey
Fringed with the moonbeams, touched the silent
sea;
I wondered if in heaven's crystal bay
A fairer sight for eye could ever be.

I fancied that somewhere, sometime our barques
would rest
Within a harbor, on a sea as fair;
That tear-dimmed eyes would brighten at the last
And lives most weary, rest a while from care;
And longing souls might dream an hour away
Within the harbor of a moon-kissed bay.

THE YOUNG AND THE OLD.



Some say there are no hours so blest as those
That give to youthful lovers rosy dreams;
That then, as nevermore, enchantment throws
A wond'rous beauty o'er all earthly things.
And thus the maiden sings of "Love's Young
Dream,"

And meets response in some swain's tender
breast;
And when he crowns her as his heart's dear
Queen,
They sing together, "Love's Young Dream is
Best."

But there come days — dear, bright golden days,
When lives grow old, and if proved true when
tried,
They hand in hand walk down a sun-crowned
way,
With hearts most tender, beating side by side.
They loved the dreams of life's fair, rosy day

When "Love's Young Dream" made all their
moments blest.

But grown more beautiful, in all life's changing
way,

They sing as sweethearts "Old Love is the
Best."



Spiritualism will have achieved the greatest triumph for its adherents, when it has so raised the tenor of thought that we recognize we are spirits here and now. Then will its great purpose be accomplished, and Spiritualism will begin to Spiritualize the world.



Spiritualism has raised the grade of fiction until hundreds of authors are enabled to lead their readers into the wonderfully real realms, while the readers themselves, suppose they are revelling in the fancy of some gifted genius.

TO THE EVANGELS OF TRUTH.



Go forth, and may your gracious errands be,
Fraught with good gifts to dear humanity;

Unbind the chains of slavery and wrong,
Make souls too large for envy, hate and scorn;

Encourage goodness, teach to do, and dare;
Nerve brains to act, and struggling souls to bear.

If heaven-commisioned you would always be,
Before no tyrant ever bow the knee;

Baptize the world with dearer, sweeter love;
A beacon-light, in darkest pathways prove;

True to the calling of the living hour,
Go forth! And heaven shall give you grace and
power.

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